Bul. Harry of Herford, Lancaſter, and Darbie
Am I, who readie here do ſtand in Armes,
To prooue by Gods grace, and my bodies valour
In liſts, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke,
That he is a traitour foule and dangerous,
To God of heauen, King Richard, and to me:
And as I truely fight, defend me heauen.
Mar. On paine of death no perſon be ſo bold
Or daring, hardie, as to touch the liſts,
Except the Martiall and ſuch officers
Appoynted to direct theſe faire deſignes.
Bul. Lord Martiall, let me kiſſe my ſoueraignes hand,
And bow my knee before his Maieſtie,
For Mowbray and my ſelfe are like two men,
That vow a long and wearie pilgrimage,
Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue,
And louing farewell of our ſeuerall friends.
Mar. The appellant in all dutie greetes your highneſſe,
And craues to kiſſe your hand and take his leaue.
King. Wee will deſcend and fold him in our armes,
Coſin of Herford, as thy cauſe is right,
So be thy fortune in this royall fight:
Farewel my bloud, which if to day thou ſhead,
Lament we may, but not reuenge the dead.
Bul. O let no noble eye prophane a teare
For me, if I be gorde with Mowbrayes ſpeare:
As confident as is the falcons flight
Againſt a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My louing Lord I take my leaue of you:
Of you (my noble coſin) Lord Aumarle,
Not ſicke although I haue to doo with death,
But luſtie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath,
Loe, as at Engliſh feaſts ſo I regreet
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweete.
Oh thou the earthly Authour of my bloud,
Whoſe youthfull ſpirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me vp,
To reach at Victorie aboue my head,